

K. R. J. AN 2

ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH

OF THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS AND VICTORIOUS PRINCE

GVSTAVVS ADOLPHVS

KING OF SWETHLAND &c.



COMPOSED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE
FIRST RUMOURS OF HIS DEATH, AND NOW
published and dedicated to the memoriall of so renowned a Prince.



Hat strange sad silence, doth the world
astound?
Why doth not *Fame's* still eccho'ng
trumpet sound?
She's grown forgetfull, or else hoarse,
I fear;

That we, no more victorious sounds can heare.
'Twas but of late; when as the thundring noise,
Of doubled triumphs, conquests, and applause
Fill'd our *Horizon*, and the aire did ring,
With shouts of praise, to *Swedes* victorious King.
Was this a dream, or fancied apparition;
And now is vanisht like a fleeting vision?
Could all the world be thus deluded? No.
'Twas surely reall, and no feigned show!
Those bloudie battels, and those dismall fights,
We lately heard, were not like vap'rie fights,
Compos'd of aire breath, which to the eye,
Two dreadfull *Armies*, grappling do descrie!
These! These were reall, and thy direfull steel,
(Victorious Prince!) shall after ages feel!
And those deep wounds, which in thy furious ire,
Thou did'st inflict by force of thundring fire,
Shall leave wide scarres, upon the *German* land;
Which shall for ever, to their terrour stand!
This thou hast done already; and amaz'd
Remotest kingdomes, where thy deeds are blaz'd.
But on a suddain, loe! thou dost appeare,
To stop, in middle of thy full careere!
All tongues are silent, and our greedie eares,
Heare nothing now; but terrours, doubts, and fears!
Or *Fame* her self is dead; or he that gave
Life unto *Fame*, is sunk into his grave!
Fame cannot die! Oh! can he die, whose look,
So many thousands dead at once hath struck?
What mortall durst give him a wound, whose eye,
Hath made grimme *Death* to start, and turn awrie?
Sure he's not dead! *Swethlands* for grief would roar;
And make their groans heard to our *English* shore;
If he were dead, whom they have priz'd more deare
Then their own proper lives, and did not fear
To runne like *Lions* at their Princes words,
Upon the mouthes of Canons, points of Swords!
He's dead I fear! For can he living be,
And we no spoils, nor further conquests see?
Can he be living and not heard to thunder;
To batter cities, and trample kingdomes under?
Whose very soul, was fire Aethereall pure:
Such as no mortall bodies can endure!
His breath was direfull smoke, and from his hands
Flew show'rs of iron-balls, that quell'd whole lands!
Can that *Sulphurous* dust, more quick then winde,
Once toucht with flame. in prison be combinde?
Not steel, nor iron, nor the hardest brasse,
Can stay its furie for the shortest space!
Though mighty mountains prest this living flame;
Yet would it teare them and an entrance frame,
His *Hellish* breath, and dismall noise to vent;
Nor would it cease, till all his furie spent.
Thus hath it been with *Europes* Northern Starre;
And *Swedes* Victorious Prince, made all for warre:
Whose *Spirit* toucht with fire from heav'n, did blaze
Like to some *Comet*, sent for to amaze
And scourge us mortal wights: whose direfull breath
Doth shoot down vengeance, terrours, plagues, and
death!

I. R.

Had *Turk*, and *Tartar*, and the *Triple crown*
That awes the *Christian* world, and treadeth down,
Monarches, as slaves, themselves in one combin'd;
This *Heav'n-sent furie* had, like lightning winde,
Shot through them all; and like to scatter'd corn,
Their feeble squadrons, had been rent, and torn:
Till his *Celestiall* vigour were quite spent;
No *Warres*, no *Ruines* could his ire content!
But now his date is out, and his *Commission*
Is stopt from heav'n with a new *Prohibition*!
He's dead! Oh bitter word! enough to make
Stones for to weep, and iron hearts to ake!
So soon, alas! In so unwisht an houre,
Is all our joy quell'd, by some secret power!
Why do we not breath forth such dolefull grones,
And pow're such melting tears; as should hard stones
Dissolve into salt drops; that they, and we,
Might so expresse one mournfull *Elegie*!
What! are we spent and drie? I see no teares:
I heare no grones: no wailings pierce my cares!
Oh pardon me! I fear my faltring tongue,
Distract with troubled sorrow doth you wrong!
'Tis slender grief that doth by weeping vent;
And 'tis not much, that can by teares be spent!
But this, this sorrow, like a mortall wound,
Strikes deep, and doth our senses quite astound:
Lies like a lump of lead, or heavie weight,
Upon our heart, and presses it so straight,
That neither sigh nor grone can issue thence;
But lies as dead, and quite bereft of sense!
Since then 'tis so: we cannot weep; let's borrow,
From others help, for to expresse our sorrow,
Ye glistring lamps above. ye Northern starres,
That roull about the *Pole*, your frozen Carres!
In *Thetis* waves, plunge over head and eares,
That you may have your fill, of brinish teares:
And by sad influence, make the heav'ns to low'r;
And to the earth, send down a weeping show'r!
But chiefly on that place, that cursed ground,
Where *Adolph* first receiv'd his mortall wound!
Let never grasse, nor verdant hearb grow there;
Nor any tree, nor ground it self appeare.
Let it be all a lake, whose face may look,
Just like the colour of the *Infernall* brook:
Like pichie *Stix*, or black-stream'd *Acheron*,
Or like *Cocytus*, or dark *Phlegethon*:
That it may seem to all, a mourning vail,
Which doth the compasse of that ground empale;
And let its murmuring waves, make such a noise,
As may expresse to us, the dolefull voice
Of some, that crie, that roar, that shreik, that groan;
Of some, that mourn, that weep, that wail, that moan!
That after ages, to their children may
Tell this sad storie, when they passe that way.
These souls do mourn, for *Swethlands* conqu'ring King:
But these, whose clamours fearfully do ring.
Are such, as in this place, died by his power;
And thus expresse, their horror to this houre!
Mean while (renowned Prince) sleep thou secure,
No further pains, nor travels to endure!
The dreadfull Cannons, which so oft did roar,
And thunder in thy eares; shall now no more
Disturb thy rest; nor force thee to arise
In suddain hast, glut now with sleep thine eyes!
While that a quire of *Angels* in a ring,
Shall round about thee blessed musick sing.

F I N I S.